

When the metaphysician was asked to explain how he would recognize the emergence of the Ultraman whose appearance he had predicted in ten thousand pages of impenetrable prose in a typography that deranged hundreds of retinas beyond hope of repair and how he would distinguish him from the Superman, the Overman, the Praeterman, or the Giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk," the metaphysician answered, "He would understand us but we would not understand his way of understanding how he understood us."

In the statesman's nightmare he entered the zoological garden at night and the gates clanged, locking behind him. The doors of the cages were open, creatures wild and tame wandered on the paths, challenges, snarls, skirmishes, feints and shrieks cut the air, and as the animals began to devour one another he pleaded with them to select an Overseer and to establish committees that would absorb some of the hostile energies of the most dangerous beasts.

When the warm, clear days of July come to the lunatic asylum there is a pleasant old man who has to be persuaded to leave what he is doing and enter the flourishing garden of roses. In fine, he is reluctant to put down the blank sheet of paper which he has punctured with a pin in order to sieve and separate the motes from sunbeams -- this obstinate behavior began many years ago when as a distinguished historian he attempted to separate symptoms from causes.

A physiologist who had eaten nothing but grasshoppers for several months suddenly spent all of his savings, chewed tobacco, won the distance jumping contest in the Olympic games and was able to speak with ants.

-- Jerome Salzmänn

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A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE WORKS OF STEVIE CRANE

he wrote poems as spare as this.